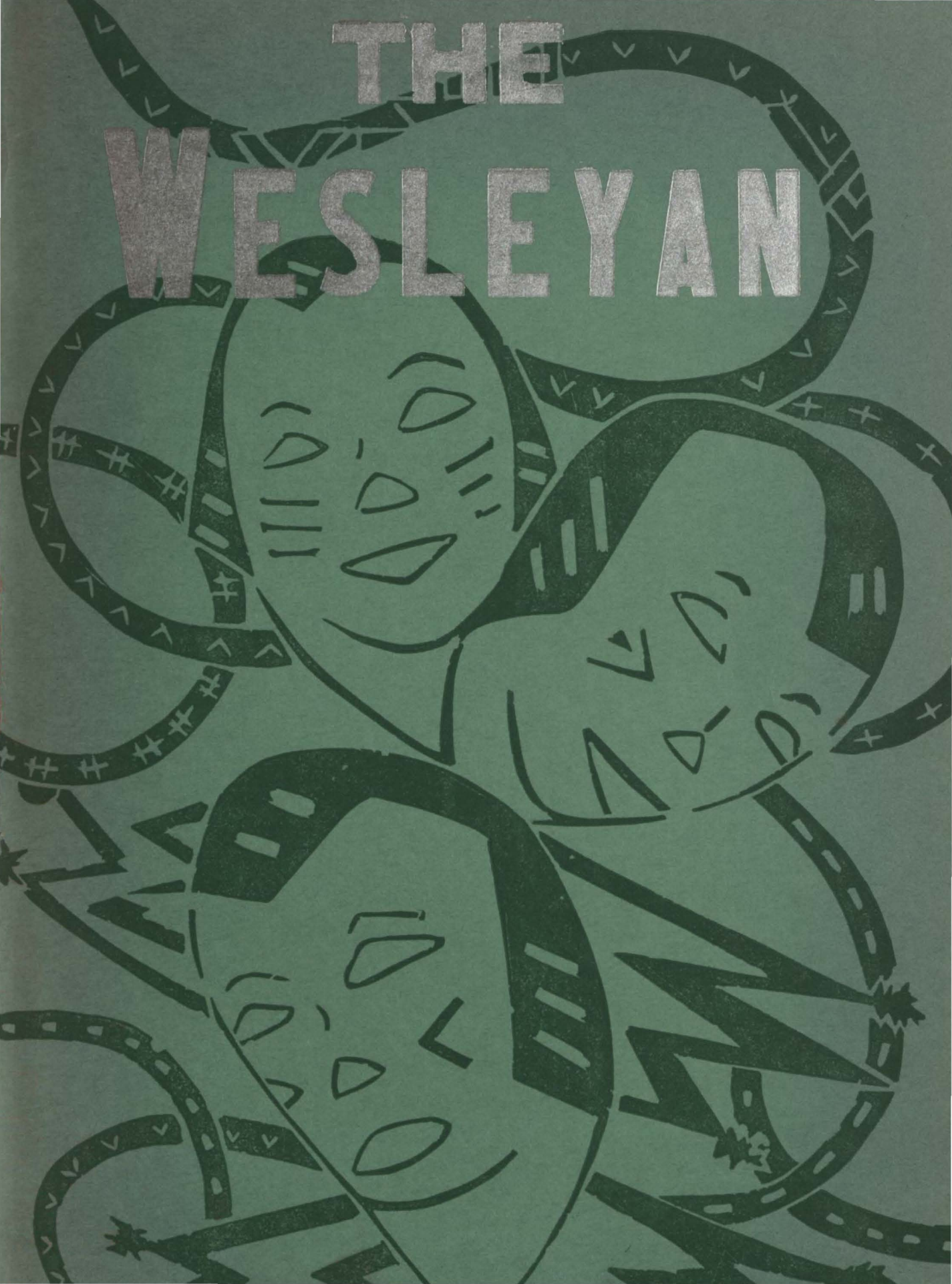


THE WESLEYAN



THE WESLEYAN

WESLEYAN COLLEGE

MACON, GEORGIA




Spring

VOLUME LVII

NUMBER THREE

Table of Contents

	<i>Page</i>
The Gilded Web	5
As a Shakespearean Actor Viewed Georgia in 1844	6
Since Men Prove Beasts	7
Roses	8
Symbol	11
Art For Art's Sake (Editorial)	12
Book Review	14
College Shopper	15
Exchange	24
Poems:	
My Love	4
A Shepherd's Song	10
Wild Ones	16



My Love

BY MARJORIE POTTS

We watched the tide come in,
My love and I.
The waves surged high,
Crashed on the sands,
And helplessly rolled back.

My young heart leaped,
Crashed with the waves,
For your soul was kin to the sea,
And I was afraid.

You would have followed the silver path
Which rode the foaming crest,
We would have conquered unknown seas,
But I dared not.

The tide has gone out,
The moon has gone down
And my love has followed the molten
stream.

The sun's parching rays
Beat down on my heart
And on dry bodies left by the tide.

But the moon will be full again,
And the tide will come in again,
And with it another love.

And then I shall dare to go,
Dare to swim out with him,
Follow the moonlit stream.

POTTS

THE GILDED WEB

LEOLA BURNETT

AT EACH deafening crash of thunder, Miriam started in her bare hospital bed. She hated summer storms. She had always been deathly afraid of them, even when Steve had been with her. Steve. Where was he now? Why should she be here in this bleak, crowded ward, bearing his child! Neither of them wanted it. What right had he to desert her three months before it was born. Now she had to see it through alone.

"Oh—why must I have this child!" She moaned under her breath as the nurse approached. "Please don't let me—oh—please!"

"She's ready, doctor," the young nurse spoke crisply.

As Miriam was wheeled down the long hall, she was vaguely conscious of a sudden monstrous clap of thunder, then a ringing, piercing shriek from a nearby room. Uncomfortable darkness rushed around her.

A white-gowned nurse hurried toward the room from which the racking scream had burst. She found the young patient clasping her pillow frantically over her ears.

"Mrs. Ainsworth, what on earth! What's the matter!"

"Don't let it happen any more! I can't stand it! I can't stand that horrible lightning and thunder. I just can't!" Hysterical sobs mounted to her throat.

"It's just a storm, Mrs. Ainsworth, and it's passing over now. Don't let it upset you. Here", she said soothingly, "take this little powder. By the way, Mr. Ainsworth telephoned that he was

on the way up. He will probably be here any minute now."

"Bill! Bill! Tell him to hurry. Hurry! Do you hear me?" She tossed fitfully from side to side. Suddenly footsteps softly approached her bedside. A well-dressed, handsome young man leaned over her anxiously.

"Jane, Jane, darling."

"You are really here at last?"

"Of course, it's just been an hour."

"Bill, why do they make me stay in this loathsome bed. I want to go home. For the first time in my life I want to go to our home and stay. Just live quietly, Bill. You and I together. Make them let me."

"Sure, Jane, sure. You know you can do whatever you want to . . . We always have done just that. But, you've got to get a little stronger before we go. You know, a cock-tail party a day, for the six years we've been married is enough to get anybody down. Besides . . ."

"What, Bill?" Jane helped.

"But, d— it, Jane, we were having a swell time, weren't we? Until . . . well this. Oh, h—, Jane, we don't want any kids anyway. They're a nuisance. Get in your way and in your hair, too."

"Bill, you can't lie. I know you're just as crazy for a baby as I could ever be. Bill?"

"Yes?"

"I've decided something."

"What do you mean, decided—?"

"I'm going to adopt a baby. If I can't give you one, I'm going to adopt one—

(Continued on page 21)

AS A SHAKESPEAREAN ACTOR VIEWED GEORGIA IN 1844

ANNIE LAURIE KURTZ

SAVANNAH, January 22. Rested. Acted Hamlet pretty well; these are not theaters for Shakespeare's plays! Walked home in darkness, not visible; quite a journey of difficulty through deep sand, and threading a way through posts, etc. Costas came and spoke to me."

With these words William Charles Macready, one of the greatest Shakespearean actors of all time, tells of a visit to Georgia when that state was experiencing its frontier days. The year was 1844.

It was quite an event for Georgia when she was hostess to such a distinguished man. Macready was a friend of Browning and of Dickens; he ranked on the stage with the Keans and the Kembles.

Macready made two trips to the States. It was on the second one that he visited Georgia. Like his fellow countryman, Dickens, he disliked the crude, raw condition of America, this southern state in particular. While in Savannah he overheard talk of a duel. The actor was unable to understand why the authorities did not interfere, but he was informed that the two participants had more friends than there were officers. "My stomach felt sick with horror at the cold-blooded preparation for murder."

From Savannah, Macready traveled through Georgia, playing to audiences in several cities, notably Macon, and then traveled on to New Orleans.

His diary in Macon reads:

January 26 (he is making preparations

to travel) " . . . we had to pay in at a window, on a very dark, cold morning—my amount, \$39. I got on the car but stopped on entering to look at a crowd of human beings, mostly wrapped in blankets, standing together near. These were slaves who were bought on speculation and were being conveyed up the coast to be put up for sale in about a fortnight. I looked in occasionally to their box, and there they were in double rows; food was served to them, and I saw a woman cut off a portion of the meat given to her, and with an expression of disgust throw it away. . . . We did not reach Macon till nearly 10 o'clock, when we found a lodge with a very respectable and civil landlord. But it is curious what important persons these landlords generally are. They receive you much more like hosts that are going to give you shelter and entertainment than as innkeepers who are served and obliged by the preference of your custom. . . . After a sorry night I was very glad to get to bed early."

From Macon, Macready went to Griffin by train. This was certainly one trip the actor did not enjoy. In his diary he speaks of progressing at the rate of four miles an hour. At one of the stops all the passengers had to get out and push the car and engine. Again they had to stop in order to chop trees and undergrowth along the roadside to use as fuel. At last a wood and water station was

(Continued on page 20)

SINCE MEN PROVE BEASTS

ELAINE MICHAEL

RECENTLY I read a magazine article suggesting an intelligent method of disagreeing with well known theories. The article advocated that one consider the theory, first from the author's viewpoint, and, after thinking in concord with him for a while, begin to criticize the flaws in his theory. This struck me as being a precise, intelligent process, and in due course of considering various theories and ideas, I came to that super-colossal theory promulgated by Charles Darwin. His theory, as you know, is the one of organic evolution by natural selection; in other words, that we, and the monkeys, and the guppies, and all the little birdses and beeses, are closely kin. I began my experiment by thinking in close concordance with Darwin, and, lo and behold, when time came to point out his errors, I found that I was unable to disagree, a discovery that causes great anguish to an active dissenter like myself.

Why, the man was absolutely right! If we but look about us with the proper perspective, we will find ourselves in constant association with all manner of vertebrates, land and marine. It takes little thought and observation to perceive the resemblance of humans to members of the animal kingdom.

For example, last summer a friend and I were strolling through an aquarium; we stopped before one of the tanks, and immediately both exclaimed in unison: "Why, there's Sue!" And there Sue was indeed, or at least her finny counterpart, a pop-eyed, puffy-cheeked creature, swimming around in blissful indifference to her staring visitors. I encountered other old

friends in the aquarium—there was an old and wrinkled turtle whose human double had taught me zoology, and a penguin, the identical twin of a dancing partner at my last formal.

However, it is not necessary to go to an aquarium to note such resemblances; they are all about us, no matter where we be. I have a friend who looks exactly like a small Walt Disney rodent—her eyes are large, brown, and tip-tilted, her chin pointed, and her teeth protrude slightly. When she is excited her nose twitches, and her every movement is darting and squirrel-like.

In my high school days, I took French from a plump and placid lady who never ceased to remind me of a contented cow. Her liquid brown eyes were heavy-lidded, and she was in the habit of making chewing motions with her jaw, whether she was actually engaged in masticating or not. Even in my most distraught moods the pastoral, ruminative atmosphere of her class was always soothing and restful.

I have encountered many other zoological resemblances, among them a wise, blinking old owl of a librarian, who looks as though he has seeped in the wisdom of all the ages but is too stuffily superior to impart any of it; a sleek, slim, slippery snake, with eyes of Machievellian cunning, working behind the counter of a Chinese gift shop; and a human cat (the latter term is used to denote purely physical resemblance) with eyes green and slanted, pointed ears, and a small snub nose with flaring nostrils. Our cook is a gaunt black crow. I once knew a sad, shrewd little mon-

(Continued on page 23)



ROSES

GENE LAUNIUS

CHARACTERS:

Pa Burton, a tall, coarse, weatherbeaten looking man who gives the impression of existing rather than living. He has lost all initiative, ambition, and has grown sullen.

Hester, his wife, who is tall, thin, and stooped. She still has some pride and ambition left.

Julie, about twelve. She understands her mother's feelings.

May and Jay, the twins, about five. They are undernourished and fretful.

A two-room shack. The room in which the action takes place contains an iron bed with a ragged quilt spread over it, a dilapidated wood stove, a box of wood, two chairs, a table, and an old battered trunk. There is a door at the back through which you can see a clothesline with a pair of faded blue overalls and an apron hanging on it. The room is fairly clean considering how crowded it is. As the curtain goes up Hester and Julie enter through the back door carrying a wash tub.

Hester: It seems like yore Pa and

them kids can git tha most dirt in their clothes than any bodies I ever seen. When it comes to washin' I'm kinda glad we don't have no mo' clothes.

Julie: Yeah, Ma, me too. Washin' makes me so hungry even them sweet 'taters an' cornbread taste right good.

Hester (*wearily*): 'Tis most time to stir up some mo' of the eternal stuff.

Julie: Yeah, and I reckon the kids'll kick again an' set up a howl.

Hester (*sighing*): I s'pose so. Guess I'll lay down a spell before commencin'. That pain's a-startin' again in my chest an' back.

Julie: You get that pain all the time, now, don't ya, Ma? You had best lay down an' rest yo'self a spell.

Hester: You go 'n' see what May an' Jay's doin'. I ain't seen hide nor hair of 'em for 'bout an hour.

(Julie goes out and Hester sinks wearily on the bed. Pa enters, looks at her scornfully and sits in the chair. After a moment he speaks).

Pa: Why ain't ya cookin' some vittals? I low as how ya' been a' layin' there all

mornin'. You women is always layin' aroun'.

Hester (*in a biting, sarcastic tone*): Yea, I nevah do nothin' but just lay aroun'. Ain't it nice not to have no work to do? Just loll aroun' an' take things easy like.

Pa: Aw, quit ya' snivellin'! I got 'nough worries already.

Hester: Yeah, ya got worries. But ya don't let 'em bother ya none. Ya jest set an' think about 'em. I reckon ya don't recollect how the roof leaked last time a rain come. Them tin signs ya patched it with before is rustin'.

Pa: I'll git it mended some day.

Hester (*scornfully*): Huh, some day don't never come for you.

(*There is a pause for a moment while Hester gets up, goes to the stove and puts some wood in it. She then goes to the door and looks out.*)

Hester (*twistfully*): Pa—— ain't there no chances of things gittin' better. What with a spring a' comin' on seems like things oughta break a little.

Pa (*shortly*): Naw:

Hester: But why? It ain't right we should live like this! Other folks has a plenty, but we starve. It ain't always been this bad. What's done happened?

Pa (*rather angrily*): I don't know. Everything went wrong all at once. There ain't nothin' I can do.

Hester (*wearily*): I guess there ain't. Maybe with spring a' comin' on things 'll be a mite better. Leastways we won't be cold. Maybe the twins 'll git shed o' their colds, and maybe——

Pa (*breaking in*): Yea an' I low as how you'll start moonin' over them rose bushes again. You're so struck on 'em.

Hester (*sharply*): Well, what if I am? Can't I even hope? That ain't hurtin' nobody.

Pa: Naw, but it's disgustin' the way ya set aroun' an' day-dream. Ya got Julie doin' it now.

Hester: We wouldn't a' had no money to pay for that medicine if it hadn't been for what I saved for the bushes. I got it fer doin' extry washin'. Jest one bush would be better'n none.

Pa (*derisively*): Huh!

Hester: Maybe if berry pickin's good I can save up a little more. May and Jay is big 'nough to pick a right tolerable bit this year. (*Sigh*) I reckon somethin' 'll happen though. It always does.

Pa: I gotta get a new plow handle from somewheres, an' old man Hawkins is gittin' tight 'bout the credit. He tole me last week we oughta be payin' somethin'.

Hester (*sighing dejectedly*): The meal's givin' out again. (*She pauses.*) Jest one bush by the door would look powerful pretty.

(*Enter May, Jay and Julie*)

May: Look, Ma, at the shiny rocks I picked up.

Jay: I got some, too. Look!

Julie: They was down in that gully again, Ma.

Hester: I tole ya to stay outa there. You're gonna git yo'self killed some day.

Jay: We found some red berries too.

Julie: Yeah, and they was eatin' 'em.

Hester (*alarmed*): Ain't I done tole ya not to eat berries as long as they was red!

May: But we was hungry and they tasted good.

Jay: Yeah, Ma, we was awful hungry.

Pa: Well, don't never let me hear tell of ya eatin' 'em again.

(*Pa gets up and goes out. Jay goes over to the table and starts to put his rocks on it.*)

(Continued on page 18)

A Shepherd's Song

ELEANOR McCARY

BACKGROUND—(taken from a summary of the third act, first scene of Wagner's *TRISTRAM and ISOLDE*) The grievously-wounded Tristram has been carried by Kurvanal (attendant to Tristram) to his castle in Brittany. Tristram lies sleeping in the garden on a couch under the shade of a great lime tree. He is stretched out as if lifeless.

A shepherd boy has been posted on the walls and instructed to change his usually mournful piping to a joyful melody at the first sight of the ship bearing Isolde. The time drags on wearily until the first joyful strains of the shepherd's pipe announces the approach of the long-expected vessel bearing Isolde.

*The mournful, lonely tune of a shepherd's pipe
Sounds faintly through the shady, silent grove.
Forlorn and distant, 'cross to the rocky cliffs,
Echoing notes of endless elegy,
The pipe sheds solitary tears of grief.
Slowly, soundless, still as falling snow,
The leaves from the great lime-tree flutter and fall,
Joining the lifeless, waiting shepherd's song.*

*The plaintive strain, suddenly hushed and quiet,
First faltering, then sure and glad, and clear
Shatters the lingering silence of fading life.
And now the reed-pipe's joyous, tiny tinkle
Awakes the hovering stillness—piping melody.
Full as the sail that bears her course so near
The cheerful music rings, "She comes, she comes!"*

SYMBOL

MARY ARMOR HALE

LONG, eager white fingers clutched at the catch on the black velvet case. It gave, and the box opened with a burst of dazzling brilliance. There, sitting upon his velvet throne sat the king of all diamonds—perfect, without a flaw, sending forth warm reds, purples and golds, myriads of little rainbows dancing out to meet the light. There was no diamond brooch in the world like this one; not to Karen. It was more than a priceless diamond brooch; it was a symbol—a symbol of a man's love for her and of her never-ceasing devotion for a man who used to be her husband. All she had now of that happy life was her son and this brooch.

Karen's blue eyes sought the reflection in her dressing table mirror. She saw a middle-aged woman with a sad, hurt look in her face, in her eyes, and in the lines of her mouth. She was a rather good-looking woman with a smooth, clear skin and hair a sea of silver waves. But she hadn't been good-looking enough.

You see, Sandra St. Claire was beautiful, and Sandra knew how to use her beauty. Her hair of polished onyx; her eyes, vivid black under sweeping lashes; her brows, black broken wings flying; and her mouth, scarlet, full—a mouth that murdered other women, wrecked other homes and crushed other hearts. Sandra was flaming fire or freezing crystal. She was made for man to love but she loved no man. She loved Sandra—and money. Dr. Richard Dean Conway, prominent in Baltimore social and professional circles had money. So Sandra wanted him—and got him. Sandra St. Claire was the woman

who had taken Karen Conway's husband.

Karen hadn't fought enough perhaps. But Karen couldn't fail to divorce a man who no longer loved her. She was a prominent woman who headed organizations and committees, who was respected by people. No matter how deep that knife went, she had to maintain her position with as much dignity and finesse as possible. Therefore she had remained in her place in Baltimore—unflinching, seeing every day the man she adored, with his wife—Sandra Conway. She had accepted no money. All she kept of his was the content of this black velvet box—the diamond brooch. It was the last thing he had given her and to her it stood for their life together.

But Sandra did not have him now—Karen shut her eyes and shivered. Had it only been last year since the words had come to her from the raucous voice of a newsboy: "Dr. Conway killed in plane crash! Paper, Mister? Dr. Conway killed in plane crash. . . .". She had forgotten that he was not her husband. Somehow she had dragged herself to her son's office before she collapsed—a grief-stricken woman more grief stricken.

Now, as she sat before her dressing table getting ready for dinner, she thanked God for her son. She was so proud of him. She hoped his business in London would soon be finished so that he could hurry home.

She picked up the glittering brooch and pinned it at the neckline of her black dinner gown. How she loved it as its reflection winked at her from the mirror.

(Continued on page 17)

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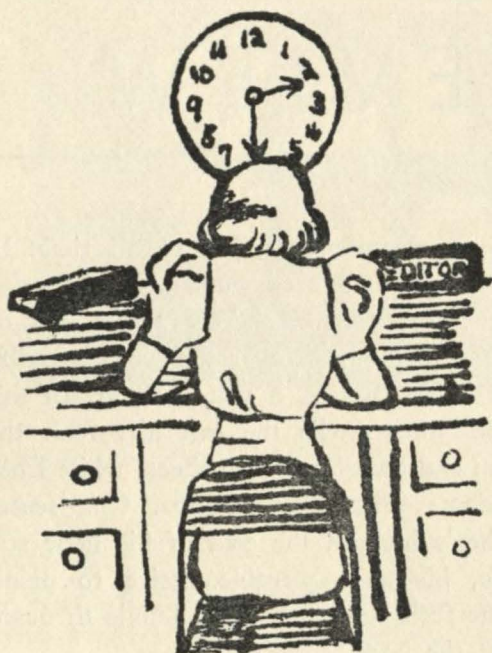
Art For Art's Sake

There are two kinds of student writers: the kind that write because a professor requires it, and the variety that write for no other reason than that they just want to. It's a sad fact, but the former are in the majority on most college campuses. And that's why college editors go crazy! They spend half of their lives extracting poems and stories and plays and other creative work out of capable but inert students—students who apparently never heard of “art for art's sake”. If an English professor requires a short story as part of a regular course, these students will work themselves to death trying to make a grade. But just let the

school magazine call on their talent and what do they do? They either refuse altogether, or else turn in something on which they have spent all of an hour.

True, there are a few souls remaining who belong in the second group; there are a few who write simply because they enjoy writing, and not because there is a tangible reward in view, such as an A on a course, but they are rare indeed.

Are you one of those talented but lazy people? Are you one of those potential writers who “just don't have any time?” If you are, do something about yourself. Snap out of your inertia, and try a dose of “art for art's sake”.



Editor's Dilemma
Deadline — Dead Writers

As Wesleyannes Say It...

Husks of laughter

* * *

The wet, cold nose of the rain,
Nudging at the door like a homeless whelp.

* * *

The stars are a million twinkles in the
night's dark eye.

* * *

Pale grayness
Thin threads of light
Clear forms from silver mist
A sudden spill of gold
Dawn

* * *

She is one belle whose neck I'd like to
ring.

Kaleidoscope

Katherine Cornell tells of her first—and last—fit of artistic temperament in the theatre. It happened during the run of *The Enchanted Cottage*. The stage manager was new at the job and made a great many annoying mistakes. Finally one night the curtain did not come down on time, the music cues were off, and the lights blinked off and on all through the third act. It was just too much! After the performance, Miss Cornell stormed up to the stage manager and cried, "What in blazes happened to those lights to-night?"

"Oh, a *million* things, Miss Cornell," he answered gravely.

Katherine Cornell crumpled like a pricked balloon. She says that the mathematics of the thing simply licked her. After all, who could cope with a *million* things?

* * *

Rudyard Kipling, annoyed because a bus driver had injured one of his trees, sent a letter to the offender who was an innkeeper as well as a bus driver. The innkeeper showed the letter to the select company in his bar parlor, and immediately one of the group gave him ten shillings for the letter. Kipling sent another letter of protest, and the innkeeper sold it for a pound. The next day Kipling, in a furious mood, came to the inn. "Why didn't I answer your letter?" said the innkeeper. "Because I hoped you would send some more letters. I was making more from them than from my bus business."

B O O K R E V I E W

NON-FICTION

SINCE YESTERDAY

BY FREDERICK ALLEN

This is a humanized history of life in the United States during the 1930's. The book is an expression of Americanism throughout its 300 pages filled with the New Deal, Benny Goodman, Technocracy, cocktail lounge, the Quintuplets, Bobby Jones, "Knock, Knock", the Ohio flood, Orson Welles, the candid camera, and women's hats.

Mr. Allen covers exactly ten years' time and does so in such a way as to make almost forgotten events rush into the light of recognition again. He holds the reader's interest by a mixture of such things as the statistics on the depression and comments on George White's "Scandals".

The entire picture shown is complete and is as essentially American as the hot dog. Written in an easy style, free-flowing, smooth. Good reading.

FICTION

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE

BY ROBERT NATHAN

Jennie walks through the book with an eerie stir, a wisp of a girl belonging

to no definite time, but to all time. In her face one sees woman—the woman that is ageless. Robert Nathan tells of Jennie's influence over the work and life of Eben Adams, a young artist. In this book one smells the salt air, feels the sun and handles the jib sheets while Eben Adams sails off the Cape. One senses Eben's hunger, the cold of his little studio, his unconquerable desire to paint. One feels the presence of Jennie throughout the book.

A short novel, a gripping story, told in beautiful words. This paragraph is typical of the style:

"The sunset paled away into rose and green; the old blue night came down dim and hazy over the shore, and across the bay the lanterns of Provincetown twinkled in the dusk. Within the leaping yellow light of our fire the figures of our friends moved about; more wood was gathered, baskets unpacked, rugs laid down. As the flames burned lower toward the coals, steaks and sausages were broiled; a great bean pot was set beside the fire, a pail of mussels, a kettle of coffee. Afterwards we sang, sitting around the fire, while the moon sailed gently overhead, and the tide sent little ripples to break against the sand. . . . 'I Dream of Jennie With the Light Brown Hair . . . ' "

COLLEGE SHOPPER

By ANDE

*Spring, spring, spring
Comes bounding in
On Springs."*

Now that spring is really here, how does it affect you? Do you want to bake to a crisp in the sun every day and chorle liltng lyrics? Or does spring make you run to the nearest store to buy bright, colorful skirts, delicate pastel gloves and bags to match, and dainty frilly blouses to wear with trim suits?

Fashion says the feminine silhouette this year must resemble a pair of scissors with bust accented and skirts full and flaring. To help you remember, Burden-Smith has a supply of tiny gold scissors which make snipping little ornaments for coat lapels. Even the petticoats this year follow fashion rules. Nothing could be daintier than the "Scarlet O'Hara" slips with their form-fitting lines, zippers in the back, and very full swooshing skirts. These may be found in blue, peach, cerise and eggshell at Lerner's and may be dotted with tiny French knots or scalloped with ruffles at the bottom.

For skirts the theme song is "Shoot the shirring to me, Shirley". Neel's has a crepe skirt which is as soft and mistily blue-grey as a cloudy morning and is shirred

to cling at the waist with no placket. Perhaps you'd prefer the flannels of Heaven Blue with their huge patch pockets or the swingy belted little gaberdines in rose, tan and green. Add to any one of these an unusual sweater from Mayson's —perhaps a light-weight imported cashmere with tiny, brightly-colored metal flowers uniquely bradded into the soft wool, or maybe a pastel, hand-embroidered in chenille. For more formal occasions or with an evening skirt, wear one of the frothy, frilly blouses of net and lace ruffles from Neel's. You'll look like a cherubic creampuff or a bit of foam tossed up by the ocean spray.

Comes spring, since nothing can be done, strike out in new directions with your costumes. Instead of the conventional brown and white saddle oxfords, try the new "side saddles" from Burden-Smith. And get bright socks with your initials on them. Why not be festive and wear bright ribbons or even a fuzzy yellow chick in your hair? To foster your feelings of feminine fragility, you'll want some perfumed bubble bath or a new cologne in Honeysuckle, Violet Sac, Yankee Clover, English Garden, or New Mown Hay from Burden-Smith's. With all these flowering aids you'll blossom

(Continued on page 17)

*Say It With
Flowers*



Idle Hour
Nurseries

South's Leading Florists

109 COTTON AVENUE

PHONE 223

Martha Hausman
WESLEYAN REPRESENTATIVE

WILD ONES

*Two flew together,
And wing touched wing.
Clothed in like feather,
Like songs to sing.*

*Chance reaching over
To one with a blow,
Stilled is the other,
Bewildered and slow.*

*Rebels to caging,
Spurners of food,
Fetters enraging,
—Yield Ye to their blood.*

*Over far places
Guard thou their flight;
For both the high spaces—
Together, the night.*

—Alice Price.

For That New Hair Style to Wear
Home Easter Visit

LOVEJOY'S

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Phone 286

EAT ITALIAN SPAGHETTI

at

LEN BERG'S

BURNS BOOT SHOPPE

Hose — Shoes — Bags

"The Footwear Corner"



Third and Cherry

:-:

Macon, Ga.

SYMBOL

(Continued from page 11)

What would she do without it? All she had was her son and this diamond!

The maid knocked and entered, carrying a yellow envelope on a small silver salver. A cablegram! Nervous hands opened it. Horror-flecked eyes read it—read it again and again. Richard Dean Conway, Jr., had just married Sandra St. Claire. Her son! No, not her son. One dry sob racked her silk-clad body. She unfastened the brooch and restored it to its kingly cushion. It sat there haughtily, mocking, sending forth cold blues, greens and silvers.

Long tired white fingers groped at the clasp that closed the black velvet case.

SHOPPER

(Continued from page 15)

forth into greater miracles of grooming.

Before spring goes bounding out of bounds, add a touch of nature to your room. The Union is featuring an electrically-lighted goldfish bowl with multi-colored shells in the bottom in which the petite pices swim around through a rose or blue haze according to your mood and fancy. It's sharking how little privacy the minute minnows have in these modernized dwellings.

As a final cheerful note, Burden-Smith announces that they will have Nylan, the famous Nylan, stockings in all the new shades on May 15. We can hardly wait.

The Wesleyan

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R O S E S

(Continued from page 9)

Hester: Don't dump them dirty rocks on tha table. A lot o' good it does for me to try to keep things decent clean.

Julie: What's troublin' Pa, now. He acts kinda funny lately.

Hester: He's riled up about the rose bushes again.

Julie: I guess he jest don't like purty things. I seen a lot o' red berries down tha road.

(*Pa comes in again and sinks into the chair.*)

Pa (*after a pause*): I jest seen the overseer——

Hester: What's he raisin' trouble 'bout this time.

Pa: He says if we don't pay somethin' at the store by next week we can't buy no more.

Hester (*desperately*): Oh, no! We jest paid some a while back. Didn't ya tell him how things was?

Pa: Yeah, but he won't listen. He's stuck on us payin' somethin'.

Hester: I knowed it. That means tha few cents I'd saved. (*She puts her head in her hands as if to cry.*)

May: What's tha matter, Ma? Don't cry.

Curtain.

SCENE II

Same setting two days later. Hester is ill. The doctor has just left after informing them that there is no hope for Hester. It is just a matter of time before she will pass on.

Julie: Did the doctor mean what he said, Pa?

Pa: Yeah, Julie, I'm afeared he did.

Julie: Ain't there nothin' we can do? I can't stand to see her jest a-layin' there.

Pa: I guess there ain't.

Julie (*sharply to Jay*): Keep quiet! Put that stick down. Can't ya see you're botherin' ma?

Jay: What's tha matter with Ma? Why don't she get up?

Julie: She can't get up no more. Her heart is a-givin' out. (*Sharply to May*) Git down offa that bed. If I catch ya up there agin I'll skin ya!

May: I'm sleepy. Why can't I lay there with Ma?

Pa: (*irritably*): Shut up, all of ya! Don't let me hear no mo' fuss!

(*Hester stirs uneasily and begins to mutter.*)

See, you don woke her.

Hester (*weakly*): Water——

Julie: May, run fetch Ma that pail o' water. Hurry!

Pa: She looks paler.

(*May brings the water and hands it to Julie. She dips a rag in it and begins to bathe Hester's face.*)

Hester: Ain't you fixed that leak yet, Pa? I feel it a-leakin' on my face.

Pa: That ain't rain, Ma. Julie's wet-tin' yore face.

Hester: Don't waste no water on me, Julie, put it on the roses by the door.

Pa: O, God!

May: We ain't got no roses, have we, Julie?

Julie: Naw. She's out of her head, ain't she, Pa?

Hester (*breaking in*): Don't let Jay break the buds off.

Julie (*soothingly*): It's all right, Ma. I won't let him hurt 'em. (*Turns to the twins*). Why don't ya go out and play?

(*They hesitate a moment and then go out.*)

Hester: Berry pickin's gonna be good this year, ain't it, Pa? And I can buy some roses.

Pa: Yeah, Ma, you can buy plenty of roses.

(Hester becomes quiet and seems to sleep again.)

Julie: She's sleepin' again. I reckon she dreams about roses.

Pa *(almost angrily)*: Why don't ya quit talkin' 'bout roses? Ain't it bad enough to hear her rave on about 'em? *(pause)* She must've wanted 'em awful bad. *(In a different tone, as if trying to convince himself.)* But there weren't nothin' I could do. There just ain't no money.

Julie: Mr. Hawkins don't need that money we owe him. He's got a big house and a plenty to eat.

Pa: There ain't many berries either. The cold and rain ruined 'em.

Julie: I'm glad Ma won't never know that.

(Hester begins to move and talk again. Her mind seems to be somewhat clearer.)

Hester *(weakly)*: I ain't gonna get well, am I, Pa?

Pa: Yeah, you're gonna git well.

Julie: Yeah, Ma, you'll be a-stirrin' aroun' agin in a few days.

Hester: No, I'm gonna die, but I'm not afear'd. Do you reckon there's any roses in heaven? *(As she says this Pa seems to shudder all over. He puts his head in his hands for a moment and then*

gets up and goes out quickly.)

Julie *(almost crying)*: Yeah, Ma. Big pretty ones.

Hester: I hope they grow everywhere. All colors, too.

Julie: Sure, Ma, they'll be all colors.

(She doesn't speak for a moment and Julie calls to her.)

Julie. Ma—

Hester *(very weakly)*: Where's Pa? —I wanta — see him — agin.

Julie *(desperately, realizing that she is dying)*: O, Ma, don't die! *(Gets up, goes to the door, and calls.)* Pa! O, Pa, please come! O, where are you? *(Goes back to the bed.)* He's a-comin', Ma. Jest you be quiet and don't fret.

Hester *(after a moment)*: I'm— going now — Julie— *(Just after she says this Pa enters, followed by the twins. In his hand he is carrying a red rose. He goes over to the bed and kneels down beside it.)*

Pa *(not realizing what has happened)*: Ma, look what I brung you. *(He places the rose in her hand which is resting on her chest, and as he does this he realizes she is dead, and says desperately)*: Hester — Hester — It's too late.

Curtain.

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AS A SHAKESPEAREAN ACTOR VIEWED GEORGIA IN 1844

(Continued from page 6)

reached and the train continued, uninterrupted, to Griffin.

In Griffin, Macready spent a miserable night. "One table and one chair, the wind blowing in all directions into the place," is his description of his room.

Macready did not play to an audience in Griffin but left the day after his arrival. LaGrange and West Point were the only other Georgia cities in which he stopped. It is concerning the young city of West Point that the Englishman prophesies, "It appears that it was in a thriving state when the Indians came here to receive their presents, and the inhabitants enriched themselves by selling liquor to these unhappy creatures; its present appearance is just retribution; it will soon sink into a few rotten shreds."

Macready was wrong, fortunately for the city of West Point.

Today, one would be astonished if so prominent a person as William Macready was, did not visit Atlanta. But the time was January, 1844. There was no Atlanta—at least by that name. The name at the time was Marthasville—the charter incorporating Marthasville was dated December, 1843. The name "Atlanta" was officially given the place in December, 1845. Macready would not have gone there anyway, since the population at that time would hardly have been interested in Shakespeare, if indeed, they ever heard of him. The place Marthasville had only one railroad, the Western & Atlantic—but it ran only a little above Marietta where construction was then in progress. When William Sherman, then a mere second lieutenant went from Augusta to Marietta in 1844, he rode a stage coach all the way.

The Macon & Western Railroad had

made some headway from Macon toward Marthasville by January, 1844. This railroad was known at the beginning as the Monroe Railroad. It never reached Atlanta until 1846. It had evidently reached Griffin by January, 1844, for Macready made the trip by rail in that month and that year. The train consisted, most likely, of only a locomotive and a tender and at least one passenger coach, referred to by Macready as a "carriage". The locomotive burned wood and the fireman had great difficulty in getting up enough steam to pull the train. The wood was probably not seasoned and was likely wet. Progress was something like four miles an hour. Meals were not served on the train, for such a thing was unheard of. Certain designated inns or homes by the way were used as "dinner stops". At these places, meals were prepared, then after eating, entrained again.

It would seem that adequate wood stations along the railroad had not yet been established, hence, the fuel supply was taken from the woods where needed. The cutting of this wood only when needed indicated the primitive character of early railroading.

The rude appearance of the state in 1844 was undoubtedly all that Macready said it was. The lack of conveniences in the inns, the long tantalizingly slow trains, and stage coaches must have irritated not only this visitor but all those new comers to Georgia who had recently departed from environs where the atmosphere was not quite so new.

It is enjoyable for us today to reflect upon Georgia's past, to see her steady, forward progress through the years. Though we may not appreciate all Macready said about Macon, West Point, and other cities, it is nevertheless interesting to see Georgia as reviewed through the eyes of an English Shakespearean actor almost a hundred years ago.

THE GILDED WEB

(Continued from page 5)

and soon—just as soon as possible.”

“Oh, Jane, you don’t realize what you’re saying! You couldn’t do that. Why, you shouldn’t even think of it!”

“Now, Bill, don’t try to fool me. You know you would love it, and I do too. Darling, we’ll really settle down—really. No more high week-ends for a while—just the three of us.”

“But, Jane—”

“Hush, it’s settled.”

Jane recuperated rapidly. In the sunny days that followed the gloomy, foreboding storm, she took walks around the hospital wards, accompanied by her private nurse and Bill. She asked to visit the nursery ward often. One morning the three went up to the shiny glass window of the ward and peered in. Jane flattened her nose against the pane and gazed longingly at the room full of squirming babies. The nurse glanced at her as if to say, “Well, it’s your own fault, dearie. What with your type of fast living and alcohol, what more could you expect?”

“Oh, that angelic one with the laughing eyes—right there—see?” She excitedly pointed to a tiny baby waving its chubby arms and smiling gleefully at the world. “That’s the most adorable one of the whole bunch.”

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“Yes. That child is Mrs. Maloy’s. She’s Charity Ward Six.”

“Isn’t that the young mother who didn’t want to have her child?” asked Bill. “The one whose husband deserted her?”

“I’m sorry, sir, but we aren’t allowed to discuss any of the cases here.”

Jane listened silently to the conversation. Her eyes gleamed.

“Bill,” she burst forth ruthlessly, “Bill, do you know what you are saying?” Do you think—do you think she would let us care for her child? Couldn’t we go to her about it? We could pay her hospital bill and get her a job. And, Bill—I’ve got to have that baby.”

Bill looked at his wife. Then slowly a smile flickered across his face.

“Maybe we *can* do it. Maybe. But it’s a damned slim chance.”

Their steps quickened as they approached the charity ward. At the door they paused. Both breathed heavily, then Bill turned the handle.

“But, Mrs. — you say your name is Ainsworth, I know you are offering to take Gwen because you want a child so badly, and yet I couldn’t give her up. I’ll find some way to support her when I get out.” Miriam wondered how she could actually say those words, and yet she really didn’t want to give up the little thing.

“But, don’t you see, we’ll take Gwen to our hearts and give her every advantage. Things you couldn’t give her for perhaps years. And we want to have you moved to a private room with a special nurse so you will have the best of medical care that is offered. Perhaps we can even send you away on a trip to rest for a while—anything you want.”

Miriam let her gaze wander as she thought about her child—his child! How could she bear to look at it every day—

hours a day. She looked out into space. The clear sky was becoming overcast. Black clouds loomed threatening in the distance. Not another storm! Damn it! How she loathed the things. The black clouds looked like wavy black locks—like Gwen's. His black curly hair. His child. His features. It would be a living hell to have to endure the torture of his image day after day. This wealthy young woman could give Gwen everything she could ever want. Adopt Gwen. Adopt. Queer word.

* * *

"Bill! Bill! Yoo hoo! Stop splashing the water out of the ocean and listen." Jane waited patiently, and smiled as she watched Bill and Gwen playing in the foamy water. This was their first vacation together since that momentous day eleven months ago when they had adopted Gwen. A shadow dimmed the laughter Jane's eyes when she thought about the power of their money. In a way they had bought Gwen. But, she was such a precious, roly-poly baby. Such an innocent little bundle. And yet, human life was not for sale like so much chattel. A roar of thunder interrupted her thoughts. Even yet, she jumped at the smallest clap of thunder, and lightning frightened her so that it left her weak. Gwen and Bill should come in. An ocean in a storm was an unpleasant sight. Already huge white-caps billowed and foamed, then disappeared in the black, swelling waters. Another jagged spear of lightning pierced the ocean! Bill was running now, with Gwen locked in his arms. Jane hurried toward them. She grabbed Bill's arm and the three rushed madly toward the pavilion. Terror struck Jane. All of them were wet now. Horribly wet. A gigantic dagger of lightning came, followed by a tumultuous bellowing of

thunder. Then the harsh steady beat of drowning rain.

* * *

In a damp basement room of a shabby hotel, Miriam sat reading column after column of want ads. Her hand reached down, and almost unconsciously, she rubbed her swollen ankles. Her body sagged in despair. Weariness had etched deep lines across her forehead. For weeks she had searched for a job—a phantom thing. Underneath all lay the compelling desire to find security for herself—and the mad desire for revenge against her child's keepers. Her child! How could she have torn herself from it. Oh, to feel its warm little hands once more. But no! They held it from her forever. They had taken it from her and paid her to like it. Paid her! What wouldn't a person do for that filthy stuff called money. Even to parting with their only valuable possession. Well, there was one thing left that she could do. One way she had of defying fate. And yet, for the baby's sake —. No, she couldn't do it. Even though the world might never find that she was its mother, she wouldn't take that chance.

Miriam tossed the newspapers on the bed nearby and slowly stood up. Her restless eyes caught a small headline on the front page. Something about lightning. Suddenly she became tense. She grasped the paper and held it in her shaking hands. Her face blanched as she read:

LIGHTNING KILLS TWO Spares Baby in Father's Arms.

Bay City, Fla.—Lightning struck and instantly killed Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Ainsworth early this afternoon, but spared the life of the couple's infant daughter.

The daughter, Gwendolyn, is the sole heir to the Ainsworth millions.

SINCE MEN PROVE BEASTS

(Continued from page 7)

key of a man, who taught mathematics. Horsey people are quite easy to find; they have long faces, prominent noses, and wide mouths with a great many strong, square teeth. Their species can always be traced by the handsome tweeds they affect, and by their air of having just bounded in from a brisk tramp across the heather.

It is true that not every person is the prototype of a distinct member of the animal kingdom; however, the acute observer can find in almost everyone some animal-like trait or mannerism. For example, I have a friend who brays in true donkey fashion, all the while laboring under the delusion that she is emitting a genuine human laugh. I, myself, can wiggle my ears, a phenomenon accounted for by the fact that, while most people have lost control over their ear muscles, a very few, together with many well-known quadrupeds, still retain that remarkable power. The gift, unfortunately, is of small value—my auditory muscles are so rusted by disuse that moving them demands great effort. I fear I shall never be able to cock my ears at the slightest sound, after the fashion of pedigreed terriers.

Some persons exhibit feline tendencies; I once had a friend who, in moments of complete relaxation, would slowly flex and unflex her fingers, much in the manner of a blissful tabby on a soft cushion, who purringly flexes her claws and rubs the cushion with her paw. Young of the homo sapiens devour ice-cream cones by use of the tongue alone, reminiscent of a cat lapping milk.

Darwin's theory has grown to be an obsession with me. I find it a fascinating diversion to speculate as to what animal resemblance and traits are revealed in my

neighbors. In fact, my obsession has grown to such an extent that, when asked if I know a person, I find myself thinking, "Mary Jones? Oh, yes, she's that orang-outang I met yesterday", or "Tom Smith? Oh, of course—Tom is the eel who slithered into me at the dance last week."

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EXCHANGE

This month, in looking over the exchanges from various colleges, We Like: . . . the clever cartoons in the Huntington college *Prelude*. The cover of the winter issue shows an upside-down pajama-clad, college girl receiving a sore throat treatment from a friend. Inside, a clever double-page cartoon pictures, in "How To Cram In Eight Easy Lessons", a girl cozily installed in a bathtub, studying chemistry after lights out, while another balances her Religious Ed book in one hand and does her bicycle exercises. As a more serious illustration, we like Mary Douglas' "Emptiness", a dry point of an old deserted dilapidated farmhouse.

We Like:

. . . The Miscellaneous Quiz in Mary Baldwin's magazine, *Miscellany*, which asks such questions as:

"Can you complete this poem?"
—Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea.

(Choose your answer from below)

- a. And never a prof. took pity on
Poor little me.
- b. Oh, tell me of my water wings,
Where, oh where can they be?
- c. And when I looked, all I could see
Was a sea and sea and sea.
- d. And how I wished that I could have
A cup of warm, warm tea.
- e. And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

We Don't Like:

Hollin's magazine's prince nez attitude in publishing "Die Treue Schonheit", a poem by Shirley Henn which is untranslatable and so, uninteresting to the average reader.

We Found:

. . . these bits from Bertha Bloodworth's "Pick Up" in the FSCW *Distaff*, "My First Love Is My Heart's Old Age Pension" . . . "Once he told me I smoked too much. I liked that. Girls do when it's said without trimmings."

This description from *Cargoes* . . . "He sat beside her, smelling the attic-scent of her cologne and afraid to rumple her white organdy."

These examples of loveliness by Carolyn Stowell in the *Distaff* . . . "the end of pain . . . an empty frosted bird's nest . . . the last china teacup . . . a dusty time-worn cradle . . . time . . . God."

These poems from the *Distaff*:

MIRRORS

Looking into the mirror I see only a human form

Etched pitilessly in glass.

But when I look into your eyes I become
An ivory cameo set in jade.

REFLECTION

The fish in the pool are golden by sunlight,

But in the light of the moon they become
Iridescent chunks of silver.

—both by Polly Douglas.

